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ABSTRACT

"Unheard Voices" was a project designed to provide adult educators with specific guidelines and ideas for integrating a creative writing component into an existing program of adult basic education, General Educational Development, or English as a second language. The project also collected and published student poetry and fiction in order to foster an awareness of the quality of student writing and provide a springboard for classroom discussion. The project introduced students to existing language structures and encouraged them to give voice to those perspectives that are unique to the world of adult students. Included in this document are a brief final report, the instructor's handbook developed for the project, and an anthology of poetry and fiction written by the adult students. The instructor's handbook contains nine lessons: writing haiku and tanka poems, metaphor and simile, a manipulated six-line poem, a poem of address, imagery, creating character, point of view, and plotting through mythology and folklore. Lessons include level information, lesson time, objective, relevant past learning, procedure, examples, comments by teachers who have used the lessons, and duplication masters. The anthology contains student writing developed through the lessons in the instructor's handbook. (KC)

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Unheard Voices:
A Section 353 Special Project
Final Report

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of
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Program Abstract

Unheard Voices is a creative writing project designed to provide adult educators with specific guidelines and ideas for integrating a creative writing component into an existing ABE, GED or ESL program. A second, but equally important objective of the project was to collect and publish student poetry and fiction in order to foster an awareness of the quality of student writing and provide a springboard for classroom discussion. Subsequently, there are two products which accompany this final report: ***Unheard Voices: An Adult Education Anthology of Poetry and Fiction*** and ***Creative Writing in the Adult Education Classroom: An Instructor's Handbook.*** Copies of both publications are included with this report.

Self-expression is fundamental to the human psyche. The voice of the adult education student is often obscured by language curricula and texts which prescribe attitudes and goals rather than solicit those feelings and ideas which name and affirm individual identity. Student creativity cannot exist in a vacuum; it requires form and structure. This project introduced students to existing language structures and encouraged them to give voice to those perspectives which are unique to the world of the adult student. This allowed adult students at any educational level an opportunity to succeed with language. Further, it gave the adult education instructor a glimpse into the lives of his/her students and thereby improved the instructor's ability to identify and meet each student's educational needs.

Introduction

The goal of the project was to foster an appreciation for the creative writing process across adult education curricula while at the same time modeling the effectiveness of published student writing as a motivational factor in the classroom. Adult education is a great deal more than preparing students for one test they may face on one day of their lives. If instructors teach the mechanics of passing the GED writing sample but fail to communicate the tremendous power of the written word to alter history, influence the beliefs of future generations or provide insight into the human condition, they have done their students a great disservice. In our eagerness to help adult education students achieve very specific and pragmatic educational goals, all too often we overlook those less tangible, but equally important, benefits which arise from creative writing.

Over the period of a year, creative writing lesson plans were developed and distributed to more than one hundred adult education programs throughout Pennsylvania. Adult education instructors piloted the lessons, and returned feedback concerning lesson effectiveness. Their comments and suggestions were incorporated into the final publication of ***Creative Writing in the Adult Education Classroom: An Instructor's Handbook***. In addition, with the written permission of their students, instructors forwarded samples of the student writing generated by the lessons plans. More than eighty adult education students participated in this project. These student writing samples can be found in the publication ***Unheard Voices: An Adult Education Anthology of Poetry and Fiction.***

It is my hope than this project will inspire adult educators to work with creative writing in the classroom more often. Creative expression allows the adult learner to explore the boundaries of language in order to validate his or her unique perspective within the world. If we are to empower our students, we must help them find voices and teach ourselves to listen respectfully to these voices.

Copies of this final report and/or the two publications mentioned above can be obtained from:

Adult Enrichment Center
31 South Duke Street
Lancaster, PA 17602
(717) 293-7636

or

AdvancE
PDE Resource Center
PA Department of Education
333 Market Street
11th Floor
Harrisburg, PA 17126-0333
1-800-992-2283 in PA
(717) 783-9541 Outside PA

Body of the Report

All of the goals and objective for this project were met during the program year. **Unheard Voices: An Adult Education Anthology of Poetry and Fiction** is the first edition of what, I hope, will be an annual publication. Student copies of the publication have been available less than one month, yet the demand for extra copies may soon exceed the available supply. With a little encouragement and support, adult learners have a great deal to say on a multitude of topics. Though the project officially ended June 30, 1992, students continue to submit writing samples with questions about "next year's publication." Adult learners want and need to see their words in print. They want and need to give copies of their published writing to friends and relatives to underscore the importance of their words. The power of the written word empowers the adult education student. We can tell our students that their writing is important, but one publication demonstrates support more effectively than hundreds of verbal assurances. The stated objective of collecting and publishing student creative writing samples in order to foster an awareness of the quality of student writing, provide a springboard for classroom discussion and demonstrate specific structures for student writing has certainly been achieved.

Interestingly, the greatest obstacle in the development of this project was not the resistance of students to poetry and fiction, but the resistance of instructors to working with creative writing in the classroom. Common responses included, "My students don't like poetry" or "My students are only interested in the GED" or "This class doesn't know enough English to write creatively." There is no question that creative writing projects place special demands upon the instructor. The world of affect is not nearly as predictable as the intellectual realm. Once students begin writing about their feelings and experiences, it can be like opening a flood gate. For the adult education instructor, it is often difficult to know how to contain this type of intensity and reestablish an academic focus following a creative writing exercise. Further, many instructors feel creative writing exercises detour

from traditional GED or ESL instruction. In their view, there never seems to be enough time to teach academics without expanding the curriculum in nonessential areas.

There are no easy answers to these very real concerns. No one would argue with the importance of reading and math instruction, nor would anyone advocate instruction in creative writing to the exclusion of academics. Yet, self expression is fundamental to the human psyche. If adult educators teach only reading, math and GED studies, we fail to meet the total educational needs of our students. Those instructors who participated in the project were often surprised at how much students enjoyed creative writing. Often, when I spoke to adult education classes about writing poetry and fiction, students would approach me after class and offer to share some of the writing they had done outside the classroom. In many cases, teachers had no idea their students were writing poetry and fiction, and students had no idea their teachers were interested in anything other than expository writing.

Throughout the project, lessons were evaluated by participating instructors and their comments were incorporated into the final product. In addition, project evaluations have been included with each of the final publications. Information concerning these evaluations may be obtained by contacting the Adult Enrichment Center, 31 South Duke Street, Lancaster, PA 17602, (717) 293-7636.

Creative Writing in the Adult Education Classroom: An Instructor's Handbook

Published by
The Adult Enrichment Center
of
Lancaster-Lebanon Intermediate Unit 13
31 South Duke Street
Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17602
under Federal Grant #98-2011

June 1992

Additional books may be obtained from:

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Pennsylvania Department of Education
333 Market Street
11th Floor
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Adult Literacy Instructor
Dr. Gertrude Barber Center
Erie, PA

Preface

This handbook is intended as a springboard for creative writing in the adult education classroom and not as a comprehensive creative writing curriculum. The lesson plans included here have all been piloted, and instructor comments have been incorporated into the final version. The best thing about working with creative writing projects in the classroom is that the possibilities for lesson expansion are endless. Each lesson seems to inspire students in the most unexpected ways, and the writing just keeps getting better and better.

Many of the selections in the companion publication, *Unheard Voices: An Adult Education Anthology of Poetry and Fiction,* were produced during the piloting of these lessons. Part of the rationale for creating a companion publication was to expose student to the writings of other adult learners. Beginning writers at every level of language proficiency struggle to find a voice, a unique way of communicating those thoughts, feelings and experiences that give meaning to life. All too often, we introduce poetry and fiction in the classroom through the classics exclusively. While exposure to the writings of Wordsworth or Ellison may open new horizons for the adult education student, it can also be a bit intimidating as a model for student writing. Students respond in a very positive way to poetry and prose written by their peers. Providing model writing generated by adult education students underscores the validity and importance of these beginning efforts and the adult student experience.

This project reinforced by own belief that the creative voice doesn't require an understanding of phonics, an elaborate vocabulary, or a knowledge of complex spelling rules. Throughout this project I was amazed at how well students with limited language ability were able to manipulate the English sound system and communicate complex ideas and experiences. The instructors who participated in this project frequently commented upon how much students seemed to *enjoy* writing poetry and short fiction.

Interestingly, the greatest obstacle I faced in the development of this project was not the resistance of students to poetry and fiction, but the resistance of instructors to working with creative writing in the classroom. Common responses included, "My students don't like poetry" or "My students are only interested in the GED" or "This class doesn't know enough English to write creatively." There is no question that creative writing projects place special demands upon the instructor. The world of affect is not nearly as predictable as the intellectual realm. Once students begin writing about their feelings and experiences it can be like opening a flood gate. For the adult education instructor, it is often difficult to know how to contain this type of intensity and reestablish an academic focus following a creative writing exercise. Further, many instructors feel creative writing exercises detour from traditional GED or ESL instruction. There never seems to be enough time to teach academic essentials without expanding the curriculum in nonessential directions.

There are no easy answers to these very real concerns. Nonetheless, it is my belief that adult education is a great deal more than preparing students for one test they may face on one day of their lives. If we teach the mechanics of passing the GED writing sample but fail to communicate the tremendous power of the written word to alter history, influence the beliefs of future generations or provide insight into the human condition, then we have done our students a great disservice. Creative writing in the adult education classroom may open up avenues of learning that are less direct than traditional routes, but the magnificence of the ride and the lessons learned along the way are, in my opinion, well worth the extra time and effort.

Sandra J. Strunk
Adult Education Specialist
Lancaster - Lebanon IU-13

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Writing Haiku

Level: ABE/GED
Intermediate and Advanced ESL

Lesson Time: 40 - 60 Minutes

Objective: Upon completion of the lesson, students will demonstrate their understanding of the haiku by producing one example of this poetic form.

Relevant Past Learning: Poetry is a form of creative writing many people use to express their ideas, thoughts and feelings about the world. Creative writing is writing that originates in the imagination; there is no right or wrong, good or bad, true or false. There are many different kinds of poetry. Some poetry paints a picture; some poetry tells a story. Sometimes poetry rhymes; sometimes it doesn't. A poet tries to choose a form which best suits what s/he wants to say.

Procedure:

1. **Define haiku for the class.**
   Haiku (the singular and plural form of the word are the same) is an ancient form of poetry which originated in Japan. The poem consists of three lines totaling seventeen syllables: five in the first, seven in the second, and five in the third. Traditionally, nature supplies the inspiration for haiku.

2. **Distribute copies of the following haiku which was written by two adult education students.**

   Birds fly in the sky
   They flap their wings quietly
   Then swoop to the sea
   Nhung Cao
   Tri Le

   Count the syllables in each line with the class. Discuss how this haiku paints a picture of a sea gull soaring along the beach. You might point out the ways in which the poem is like a snapshot.

3. **Write a group haiku describing the weather outside. One class came up with the following:**

   The morning is cold
   I forgot to bring my coat
   I want to go home

4. **If some members of the class seem confused, do another group poem. Don't move on to independent practice until everyone understands the haiku form.**

5. **When students are ready to begin independent practice, provide the setting for the haiku you want them to write. You might say something like the following:**

Close your eyes for a moment. Imagine you are walking through the forest on a warm autumn day. As you walk, you hear the crunch of dried leaves under your feet. You feel the warm sunshine on your face. Look around the forest. What do you see? What's in front of you? to your left? to your right? behind you? Now, open your eyes.

6. **Ask students to write a haiku describing something they saw in their imaginary forest. When they are finished, have students share their haiku with a partner or with the class.**

Lesson Expansion:

For Japanese readers, haiku often have symbolic meanings. Nature is viewed as a mirror of life and a springboard for commentary on the many facets of human experience.

7. **Have students read the following haiku by the famous Japanese poet Basho:**

HERE, WHERE A THOUSAND
CAPTAINS SWORE GREAT CONQUEST....TALL
GRASS THEIR MONUMENT

8. **Ask students the following discussion questions about the Basho haiku:**

What is the poet looking at?
What does "a thousand captains swore great conquest" mean?
Why does he call "tall grass" a "monument"?
What do you think the poet is saying about the relationship between man and nature?

9. **Contemplating nature often gives us insight into our own lives. Adages such as "the early bird catches the worm" or "a rolling stone gathers no moss" have symbolic meanings which can be applied to our own lives. Have students think about a lesson they may have learned from observing nature. Encourage students to express this lesson from nature in haiku form.**

Instructor Comments:

This lesson was, by far, the most popular lesson plan distributed with this project. The haiku seemed to capture the imagination of students and teachers alike:

The whole lesson worked! We read their poems aloud and they enjoyed this very much. I was impressed, and they were proud of their writing.

Trish Link
GED Instructor

The students were exited to write their feelings about nature in poetry form. Many commented that they would spend their free time to write a haiku.

Cynthia Howard
Adult Literacy Instructor

Because I work with developmentally delayed students, the concept of syllables was difficult. I had to remind and help them often.

Joy Zamierowski
Adult Literacy Instructor

We worked on haiku together. We got some books from the library with examples of haiku, including Wind in My Hand, a book about Issa, the celebrated Haiku poet.

Carol Gilmore
Literacy Tutor

Reading haiku that other students wrote helped give students confidence to write their own.

Karen Miller
GED Instructor

The time allotment must be extended. A student cannot analyze a poem and then write even a short poem in 40 minutes. I think it is necessary to precede this lesson for writing poetry with time for the student to write about himself or herself so that thoughts may surface.

Catherine Williamson
ABE/GED Instructor

I had a good response. Students enjoyed it.

Sonia Snavely
GED Instructor

Duplication Master
Haiku

Birds fly in the sky
They flap their wings quietly
Then swoop to the sea

Nhung Cao
Tri Le

The morning is cold
I forgot to bring my coat
I want to go home

ABE Class

HERE, WHERE A THOUSAND
CAPTAINS SWORE GREAT CONQUEST...TALL
GRASS THEIR MONUMENT

BASHO

The Tanka

Level: ABE/GED
Intermediate and Advanced ESL

Lesson Time: 30 Minutes

Objective: Upon completion of the lesson, students will demonstrate their understanding of the tanka by writing one example of this poetic form.

Relevant Past Learning: Poetry is a form of creative writing many people use to express their ideas, thoughts and feelings about the world. Creative writing is writing that originates in the imagination; there is no right or wrong, good or bad, true or false. There are many different kinds of poetry. Some poetry paints a picture; some poetry tells a story. Sometimes poetry rhymes; sometimes it doesn't. A poet tries to choose the form which best fits what s/he wants to say.

Procedure:

1. **Define Tanka for the class.**
   The tanka is an unrhymed Japanese verse form which is related to the haiku. There are five lines in the tanka containing 5,7,5,7, and 7 syllables respectively.

2. **Distribute copies of the following tanka, which was written by an adult education student:**

   Life is uncertain
   Flutters along the strong wind
   We have to struggle
   One will succeed in the end
   That is the meaning of Life
   Nhung Cao

3. **Count the syllables in each line. Ask the class the following discussion questions about this tanka:**

   What do you think the writer is trying to say about life?
   Why does the writer compare life to "flutters along the strong wind" ?
   What is the meaning of life according to the writer of this tanka?
   Do you agree with the writer when she says that "we have to struggle" and "one will succeed in the end" ? Why or why not?

4. **Like the haiku, the tanka often draws its inspiration from nature. In the above poem, the poet compares life to the fluttering of the wind. Yet, the tanka can be about anything at all. Write a group tanka centering around a strong emotion such as love, fear, hate, disappointment, discouragement, etc. One class came up with the following:**

Love is a poem
It has its variety
Creates all feelings
And also brings to readers
Wishes and melancholy

5. **Have students work alone or with a partner (if the class is having a hard time coming up with ideas, it might be best to have them work with partners). Have each student or group write a tanka centering around an emotion that was not chosen for the large group poem.**

Lesson Expansion:

6. **The English tanka, which is popular in the Western world, consists of five short lines of poetry with no specific number of syllables. Distribute copies of the following English tanka:**

Slithering mist
Creeping down side streets
Cloaking dark whispers
In a serpentine veil
Devouring the secrets of Night

7. **Ask the class the following discussion questions about this tanka:**

Why does the writer of this poem describe the mist as "creeping down side streets"? What are" dark whispers"? How are "dark whispers" different from whispers in the dark? What would be a good title for this tanka? Why?

8. **Either alone or with a partner, have students write an English tanka.**

Life is uncertain
Flutters along the strong wind
We have to struggle
One will succeed in the end
That is the meaning of Life

Nhung Cao

Love is a poem
It has its variety
Creates all feelings
And also brings to readers
Wishes and melancholy

Slithering mist
Creeping down side streets
Cloaking dark whispers
In a serpentine veil
Devouring the secrets of night

Metaphor and Simile

Level: ABE/GED
Intermediate and Advanced ESL

Lesson Time: Approximately 40 Minutes

Objective: Upon completion of the lesson, students will demonstrate their understanding of metaphor and simile by using these figures of speech to create a poem.

Procedure:

1. **Explain to students that most of the words we read and write mean exactly what the dictionary says they mean. For example, if you say "My brother looks like my father," you are making a literal comparison. Literal language means exactly what it says. If, on the other hand, you were to say, "My brother looks like the cat who swallowed the canary," you would mean something else entirely. Language that says one thing and means another is called figurative language. Figurative language is often used to create an image by comparing one thing to another.**

2. **Read the following sentences to the class. Ask students to determine whether the language is literal or figurative.**

   She was as thin as a string bean. (figurative)
   His hair is the color of sand. (literal)
   It was a cold, dark night and Murry wished he were home. (literal)
   It's raining cats and dogs outside. (figurative)

3. **Define simile for the class.**
   A simile is a comparison using the words like or as.

   Examples: She eyed my dinner like a hungry wolf.
   His smile was like a rubber band stretched too tight.
   I'm as cold as an iceberg.

4. **Have students complete these comparisons to form similes:**

as white as....	a frown like.....	as soft as...	as peaceful as...
a sound like....	strong like....	as tall as...	eyes like....
a whistle like...	as ridiculous as...	as fragrant as....	a roar like.....
as happy as...	music like....	as deep as....	

5. **Explain to the class that writers often leave out the words like or as in order to strengthen a comparison. For example, instead of saying "She was as thin as a string bean," you could write, "She was a string bean." The meaning of the two sentences is the same, but the second sentence is stronger or more forceful than the simile. A figurative comparison that does not use the words like or as is called a metaphor.**

6. **Have students identify the metaphors in these common clichés. How do these metaphors add to the descriptions?**

Her eyes were storm clouds ready to erupt.
He's a teddy bear once you get to know him.
Christmas is presents under the tree.
Books are keys to the future.
They are wolves in sheep's clothing.

7. **Read the class the following poem which was written by an adult education student:**

Love

Love starts with a smile
But ends with a tear
The love of your life
May leave you next year
Love is a gamble
Without many rules
Cherished by lovers
Abandoned by fools

Love is the smile of a friend
A helping hand
Or when someone says
"I understand"
It's that compliment you give
When someone's feeling sad
Or that bit of advice when
Troubles come on bad.

by Windy

8. **Ask students the following questions:**
What metaphors does the writer use to describe love? (they're underlined)
How do these metaphors communicate the writer's feelings about love?
What are some other metaphors you might use to describe love? (love is a red rose on Valentine's Day, a bowl of chicken soup when you're sick, a hug when you've just lost the race, etc.) Encourage each student to create a metaphor for love.

9. **Ask students to write a poem using metaphors and/or similes to describe one of the following emotions:**
fear jealousy courage sorrow pride compassion

10. **Ask for volunteers to share their poems with the class.**

Duplication Master
Metaphor and Simile

Part I: Similes

as white as_____

as soft as_____

a sound like_____

as tall as_____

a whistle like_____

as fragrant as_____

as happy as_____

as deep as_____

a frown like_____

as peaceful as_____

strong like_____

eyes like_____

as ridiculous as_____

a roar like_____

music like_____

Part II: Metaphors

Her eyes were storm clouds ready to erupt.

He's a teddy bear once you get to know him.

Christmas is presents under the tree.

Books are keys to the future.

They are wolves in sheep's clothing.

Duplication Master
Metaphor and Simile

LOVE

Love starts with a smile
But ends with a tear
The love of your life
May leave you next year
Love is a gamble
Without many rules
Cherished by lovers
Abandoned by fools

Love is the smile of a friend
A helping hand
Or when someone says
"I understand"
It's that compliment you give
When someone's feeling sad
Or that bit of advice when
Troubles come on bad.

Windy

The Manipulated Six-Line Poem

Level: ABE/GED/ESL

Lesson Time: 20-40 Minutes

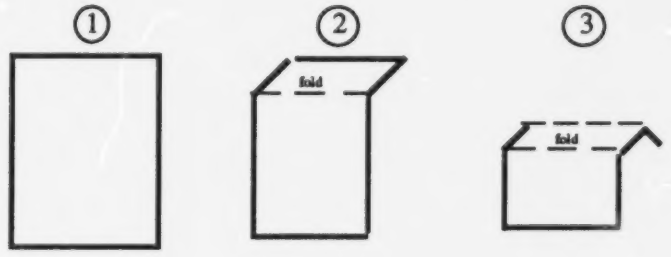
Objective: Upon completion of the lesson, students will demonstrate their understanding of the manipulated six-line poem by participating in the composition and design of a six-line poem.

Considerations: This lesson is a fun introduction to poetry for those students who are convinced they can't write. It also works well with groups of multi-level students.

Procedure:

1. **Divide students into groups with six members each (the number can vary depending upon the class). Ideally, students in each group should sit in rows or be arranged so that group members can't see what other members are writing.**

2. **Distribute the attached worksheet to the first member of the group and instruct him/her not to show it to the others in the group. Ask the first member of the group to complete item number one on the worksheet, then fold the paper so that item number two is at the top of the page and item number one is no longer visible (you might have to demonstrate).**



3. **Ask the first student in the group to pass the paper to the second student in the group. The second student completes item number two, folds the paper so that item number three is at the top of the page, then passes it to the third member of the group. The activity continues in this manner until all items on the worksheet have been completed.**

4. **Have one member of each group read the group poem (just the student writing, not the directions).**

5. **Discuss the poems with the class. How were they similar? Did the poems seem to hold together even though none of the group members knew what the others were writing? Why or why not?**

6. **Distribute a copy of the original worksheet to each member of the class. Discuss the directions for each item. Is there an overall theme for the poem? Are there any relationships between items on the worksheet?**

7. **Give each group one blank sheet of paper and ask them to design a six-line manipulated poem worksheet cooperatively. They may pick a theme for the poem or design items that have no relationship to each other. Remind them to allow room for a written response following each item.**

8. **When the groups have finished, have them trade papers until each group has a worksheet designed by another group. Have the groups complete the worksheets just as they did the original worksheets.**

9. **When everyone is finished, ask one member of each group to read the final poem.**

Duplication Master
Worksheet
Six-Line Manipulated Poem

1. **Write a sentence with a color in it.**

2. **Write a sentence describing a town.**

3. **Write a sentence about the weather.**

4. **Write a sentence beginning with the words "I wish."**

5. **Write a sentence about a famous person.**

6. **Write a sentence beginning with the words "Next year at this time."**

Poems of Address

Level: ABE/GED
Intermediate and Advanced ESL

Lesson Time: Approximately 40 minutes

Objective: Upon completion of the lesson, students will demonstrate their understanding of poems of address by composing a short poem addressed either to themselves or a friend.

Relevant Past Learning: Poetry is a form of creative writing many people use to express their ideas, thoughts and feelings about the world. Creative writing is writing that originates in the imagination; there is no right or wrong, good or bad, true or false. There are many different kinds of poetry. Some poetry paints a picture; some poetry tells a story. Sometimes poetry rhymes; sometimes it doesn't. A poet tries to choose a form which best suits what s/he wants to say.

Procedure:

1. **Ask students the following questions:**
   When you're writing an essay or a poem, who do you imagine as the audience?
   What is the difference between writing someone a letter and talking to that person face to face? Which is easier for you?
   Are there things you might say to someone in a letter that you might hesitate to say face to face? Why or why not?

2. **Read students the following poem which was written by an adult education student (you may want to duplicate it or write it on the board):**

Love Game

You say that you love me
Then leave me again
Stop playing these love games
Where I never win.
I thought when I met you
Your feelings were true
You said you loved me
If only I knew
So when you get bored
Desperate or down
Don't come running to me
I won't be around
Because love's not a game
Where the winner is you
Love's an emotion
Shared between two.

by Windy

3. **Ask students the following questions about the poem:**
   Who is the "You" in this poem?
   Why do you think the writer took the time to compose this poem?
   Do you think this poem was written for only one person to read? Why or why not?

4. **Explain to students that poems of address are often intimate yet distant. Though they may be written to a particular person, they are intended to be shared by a wider audience. The writer may or may not share the poem with the person the poem addresses. Poems of address can be written to friends, enemies, strangers, celebrities, someone who is dead, or even God.**

5. **Ask students to think of someone to whom they could write a poem of address. It might be a friend, relative, enemy, celebrity, stranger, someone who is dead, or even God. Students should try to choose someone with whom they associate strong feeling. That feeling might be anger, fear, love, hurt, loss, disappointment, admiration, hope, etc.**

6. **When every student has a person in mind, have students begin putting their poems on paper. Ask them not to refer to the person by name, but only as "You".**

7. **When students have finished writing, ask for volunteers to share their poems with the class.**

Expanded Practice:

8. **Sometimes people write poems of address to themselves. Read students the following poem which an adult education student wrote to herself:**

Dreams are For Believing

Khomme, Khomme, please don't cry.
Someday things will work out for you.
Pick up all your pieces,
And keep your head high,

Dry your eyes,
And put a bright smile on your face.
Don't throw away your dreams
You have come so far.

Don't throw it all away.
Dreams are for believing,
And for going home to the truth
That is in your heart.

Don't be sad. You're not alone.
God will watch over you.
As long as you believe in yourself,
Your dreams will come true someday.

by Khomme

6. **Ask students the following questions about this poem:**

   How do you think the writer of this poem feels? Why do you think she feels that way?

   Most of us carry on conversations with ourselves at times. Even though these conversations occur in our imagination, it's almost as if two completely different people were talking. How might you describe the two people in this poem?

   Why do you think this poem was written?

7. **Have students write a poem to themselves. Tell them not to explain that they are addressing themselves, but to let that come out in the poem.**

Duplication Master
Poems of Address

LOVE GAME

You say that you love me
Then leave me again
Stop playing these love games
Where I never win.
I thought when I met you
Your feelings were true
You said you loved me
If only I knew
So when you get bored
Desperate or down
Don't come running to me
I won't be around
Because love's not a game
Where the winner is you
Love's an emotion
Shared between two

by Windy

Dreams Are For Believing

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Your dreams will come true someday.

by Khomme

Imagery

Level: ABE/GED
Intermediate and Advanced ESL

Lesson Time: 30 - 40 minutes

Objective: Upon completion of the lesson, students will demonstrate their understanding of imagery by writing a brief fictional paragraph using sensory images.

Relevant Past Learning: Fiction writing originates in the imagination of the writer. Just as a painter might use color to create a picture on canvas, the writer uses words on paper to communicate the pictures which come from his/her imagination. Unlike most poetry, fiction is written in prose. Prose writing corresponds to the patterns of everyday speech.

Procedure:

1. **Define imagery for the class.**
   The words imagery and imagination both have the same root word —image, which means picture. Images appeal to one of the five senses: sight, sound, touch, taste and smell. Sensory details help the reader share an image with the writer. The more specific the image, the easier it is for the reader to form a picture.

2. **Explain to the class that adjectives, verbs and adverbs are often used to communicate sensory details. Adjectives are words which describe nouns or pronouns. Verbs describe the action of a sentence or express a state of being. Adverbs can describe verbs, adjectives or other adverbs. The more precise and colorful the describing word, the more realistic the image.**

3. **Write the following sentences on the board:**

   Susan walked down the street. Susan sauntered down the street.

4. **Ask students the following questions about these sentences?**
   How is sauntered different from walked?
   Which sentence presents the clearest picture of Susan's movement? Why?
   What are some other verbs you could use in this sentence? (strolled, staggered, skipped, bounced)

5. **Write the following sentences on the board one at a time. Ask students to change the adjectives, verbs or adverbs to make the sentences more precise and colorful.**
   Martin went toward the big house.
   example: Martin crept silently toward the deserted Victorian mansion.

   The bird flew over the tall trees.
   example: The eagle soared above the giant redwoods.

The sound of the train bothered Elaine.
example: The roar of the locomotive startled Elaine.

6. **Ask students to think of their dream home. It can be a real or imaginary place. What does this home look like inside and out? Who lives there? What smells greet you as you open the door? What are the sounds you hear in the distance? As students think about this place, they might want to jot down a few notes.**

7. **Ask students to describe their dream home using as many sensory details as possible. The length of the description will vary with student ability, but students should be encouraged to spend at least fifteen minutes writing.**

Expanded Practice:

8. **Have students share their dream home description with a partner.**

9. **Ask each partner to identify at least two sensory details that were especially effective in helping him/her form a picture of his/her partner's dream home.**

10. **Ask each partner to point out two adjectives, verbs or adverbs that might be changed in order to make his/her partner's description more precise and colorful.**

11. **Ask for volunteers to share their dream home description with the class.**

Creating Character

Level: ABE/GED
Intermediate and Advanced ESL

Lesson Time: 40 - 60 Minutes

Relevant Past Learning: Fiction writing originates in the imagination of the writer. Just as a painter might use color to create a picture on canvas, the writer uses words on paper to communicate the pictures which come from his / her imagination. Unlike most poetry, fiction is written in prose. Prose writing corresponds to the patterns of everyday speech.

Objective: Upon completion of this lesson, students will demonstrate their understanding of character by creating a plausible character within a given scenario.

Procedure:

1. **Explain to students that characters are people who are born in the imagination of the writer. Sometimes fictional characters "borrow" certain characteristics from the people you know. For example, one of your characters may have your sister's smile or a friend's way of stuttering when he's upset. When you work with imaginary characters anything is possible!**

2. **It's impossible for a writer to present a character's entire life on paper. When you look at a character in a story, it's as if you're a fly on the wall watching a small segment of someone's life. Yet, the writer must be able to give the reader the impression that each of the characters has a real life. In order to do this, the writer must know more about the character than is revealed in the story. Sometimes writers prepare detailed biographical notes on their characters before ever beginning a story. Distribute the following biographi cal information on a fictional character named Miss Lazarus:**

   Name: Miss Angelica Lazarus **Age:** 64 **Occupation:** Fortune Teller
   Appearance: Five feet, four inches tall
   122 pounds
   Wavy black hair with streaks of white

   Living Situation: Lives alone in a one bedroom apartment with three cats and a yellow canary named Dylan. The apartment is located above an Italian bakery in downtown Philadelphia.

   Other Biographical Information: Miss Lazarus' past is a mystery to those who know her. She has lived in the apartment above the bakery for the past eight years and, according to her neighbors, receives few visitors other than her clients. Twice a month, usually on a weekend, she packs a small bag and disappears overnight with no explanation. When she returns, she always looks extremely exhausted and her face is often puffy, as if she'd been crying.

Miss Lazarus is very secretive about the mail she receives, and often meets the mail carrier before he can put the mail in her box. There are many rumors about Miss Lazarus circulating through the apartment house. Some people say Angelica Lazarus is not her real name; others believe she has been in trouble with the law. When asked about her past, Miss Lazarus says she grew up in New York City and has no living relatives.

3. **Ask students to close their eyes and try to picture Miss Lazarus in their minds. Read the description of Miss Lazarus aloud. When you are finished, ask students to imagine that they know the secret of Miss Lazarus' past. On a piece of paper, have each student write about Miss Lazarus. Ask them to include the following information:**

Where was Miss Lazarus born?

What is her real name?

Does she have any family?

Where does she go with her suitcase each month?

Why is she so secretive?

What are the names of her cats?

Why did she become a fortune teller?

4. **When students are finished, ask for volunteers to share their writing.**

Expanded Practice:

5. **Cut out pictures of people from magazines and have each student select one that is especially intriguing. Have students invent a name and a past for the picture. If students want, have them share their writing with a partner or with the class.**

Duplication Master
Creating Character

Name: Miss Angelica Lazarus

Age: 64

Occupation: Fortune Teller

Appearance: Five feet, four inches tall
122 pounds
Wavy black hair with streaks of white

Living Situation: Lives alone in a one bedroom apartment with three cats and a yellow canary named Dylan. The apartment is located above an Italian bakery in downtown Philadelphia.

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Questions:

Where was Miss Lazarus born?

What is her real name?

Does she have any family?

Where does she go with her suitcase each month?

Why is she so secretive?

Why did she become a fortune teller?

What are the names of her cats?

Point of View

Level: ABE/GED
Intermediate and Advanced ESL

Lesson Time: 40 - 60 Minutes

Relevant Past Learning: Characters in stories are imaginary people who are born in the imagination of the writer. Characters can be simple or complex, good or bad, young or old; there is no limit to the writer's imagination. Each of the characters has a role or purpose in the story.

Objective: Upon completion of this lesson, students will demonstrate their understanding of point of view by changing the point of view in a passage from third person to first person narrative.

Procedure:

1. The expression "point of view" has more than one meaning in English. If you ask someone for his point of view during a discussion, you are soliciting an opinion. In fiction writing, the meaning is similar though not exactly the same. When we read fiction, we view things through the voice of the narrator who may or may not be a character in the story. Ask the class to follow along as you read the following fictional passage aloud:

I'm not exactly the kind of person you'd expect to find in prison, you know. I mean, I grew up in a regular family and my parents didn't slap me around or nothing like that. Most of these guys in here had rotten childhoods and everything. You wouldn't believe some of the stories I hear. Me, I got no excuse really, except maybe I got in with the wrong crowd when I was a kid. I mean, maybe things would've been different if I'd of joined the chess club or something like that when I was in high school, but I can't really see it. I mean, can you picture me sittin around playin chess with a bunch of guys ? Right! If you ask me, I was just born bad. Even my Mom says so. I mean, there's a rotten apple in every barrel, right?

2. Ask students the following questions:

Who is the narrator of this passage?
Do you think it's more likely he's in prison for income tax evasion or stealing a car? Why?
What do you suppose this character looks like? Why?
Does the way the character talks give you insight into his personality? Explain.

3. Explain that when a story is told by a fictional character using the words "I" or "we," the story is written in the first person narrative. Sometimes a first-person narrator appears to be the author of a story. This is a device used by fiction writers to make imaginary stories seem more realistic. Hearing the voice of a character can help the reader picture him or her and, consequently, make it easier for the reader to identify with the character. Now, read students the following fictional passage which is not written in the first person narrative:

Jamie never really understood where he went wrong. He came from a middle class family with middle class values. If his parents weren't overly affectionate, neither were they abusive. As a child, he seemed lonely and despondent, as if he were waiting for someone to tell him what to do with his life. Eventually, he got in with a group of kids who were only too willing to give him direction. At ten, he was arrested for setting fires; at fourteen for vandalism and petty theft. His parents refused to see his actions as a cry for help and told friends and relatives Jamie was just going through "a difficult stage." By the time he was seventeen, he was completely out of control. Maybe things would have been different if his family had taken his problems seriously, or maybe things would have turned out the same. There's really no way to tell.

4. **Ask students the following questions about this passage:**

   Who is the narrator of this passage?
   Could Jamie be the narrator of the first-person passage you read earlier? Why or why not?
   If both passages are about the same person, how are the two perspectives different?

5. **Explain that when a story is told by a narrator using the words "he, she or it," it is written in the third person narrative. The voice in a third person narrative usually belongs to an invisible persona who knows more about each of the characters than the characters know about themselves. Compare the two passages. In many ways, the narrator of the second passage has a better understanding of Jamie than he has of himself. When stories are written in the first person narrative, the narrator can only tell the reader what he or she knows or thinks. In a third person narrative, however, the narrator can relay the thoughts and feelings of any or all of the characters in the story.**

6. **Have students read the following passage which is written in the third person narrative:**

   Melissa was always a little bit crazy, or so everyone said. She had a funny way of dressing, mixing colors and patterns that most people wouldn't think of putting together. Not that it looked bad; it just looked strange. She was always that way, too. Why, even when she was a little girl she'd be arguing with her Mama about what was proper to wear to church on Sunday. One time she showed up at a funeral wearing red shoes! The deceased practically turned over in her grave and her Mama was too embarrassed to show her face for a week. In school, she was always drawing pictures of people and clothes instead of doing her school work. The teachers said she was smart enough if she'd put her mind to it, but school never seemed to interest her much. She moved to New York City after she got out of high school, and someone said she got a job designing clothes for Macy's or Bloomingdale's or one of those big department stores. They say you have to be a little bit crazy to live in New York City , so maybe Melissa's right at home. She was a strange one, no doubt about it!

7. **Ask students to imagine this same passage from Melissa's perspective. What would Melissa say about the town she grew up in? How did she feel about school? How did she get along with her mother? Why did she move to New York?**

8. **Have students rewrite the passage from Melissa's perspective using the first person narrative voice.**

Duplication Master
Point of View

I'm not exactly the kind of person you'd expect to find in prison, you know. I mean, I grew up in a regular family and my parents didn't slap me around or nothing like that. Most of these guys in here had rotten childhoods and everything. You wouldn't believe some of the stories I hear. Me, I got no excuse really, except maybe I got in with the wrong crowd when I was a kid. I mean, maybe things would've been different if I'd of joined the chess club or something like that when I was in high school, but I can't really see it. I mean, can you picture me sittin around playin chess with a bunch of guys? Right! If you ask me, I was just born bad. Even my Mom says so. I mean, there's a rotten apple in every barrel, right?

Jamie never really understood where he went wrong. He came from a middle class family with middle class values. If his parents weren't overly affectionate, neither were they abusive. As a child, he seemed lonely and despondent, as if he were waiting for someone to tell him what to do with his life. Eventually, he got in with a group of kids who were only too willing to give him direction. At ten, he was arrested for setting fires; at fourteen for vandalism and petty theft. His parents refused to see his actions as a cry for help and told friends and relatives Jamie was just going through "a difficult stage." By the time he was seventeen, he was completely out of control. Maybe things would have been different if his family had taken his problems seriously, or maybe things would have turned out the same. There's really no way to tell.

Melissa was always a little bit crazy, or so everyone said. She had a funny way of dressing, mixing colors and patterns that most people wouldn't think of putting together. Not that it looked bad; it just looked strange. She was always that way, too. Why, even when she was a little girl she'd be arguing with her Mama about what was proper to wear to church on Sunday. One time she showed up at a funeral wearing red shoes! The deceased practically turned over in her grave and her Mama was too embarrassed to show her face for a week. In school, she was always drawing pictures of people and clothes instead of doing her school work. The teachers said she was smart enough if she'd put her mind to it, but school never seemed to interest her much. She moved to New York City after she got out of high school, and someone said she got a job designing clothes for Macy's or Bloomingdale's or one of those big department stores. They say you have to be a little bit crazy to live in New York City, so maybe Melissa's right at home. She was a strange one, no doubt about it!

Exploring Plot through Myth and Folklore

Level: ABE/GED
Intermediate and Advanced ESL
(Note: this lesson is especially effective with ESL classes where students will have the opportunity to share folktales from several cultures and traditions.)

Lesson Time: 60 - 90 minutes (Note: this lesson could easily be divided into two smaller lessons if time is an issue.)

Objective: Upon completion of the lesson, students will demonstrate their understanding of plot by relating a folktale or myth they have heard and correctly identifying the conflict, suspense, development and resolution of the story.

Relevant Past Learning: Most of us have grown up surrounded by stories. As children, we heard fairy tales about children lost in the forest or the courtship of kings and queens. As adults we watch movies, read books, and tell stories to our children. Stories are a part of life, a form of entertainment that most people enjoy.

Procedure:

1. **Explain to students that all stories have one basic thing in common - action. Sometimes the action happens inside a character's mind, other times it happens outside the character's mind. In works of fiction, all action is significant rather than random. In real life, many things just happen: a storm arrives, a bird flies overhead, the phone rings. In a story, most of the action has a meaning; any action that is not relevant to the story is usually left out. Plot refers to the meaningful arrangement of the significant action in a story.**

2. **Distribute the story "Gold Mine and Silver Mine" which was written by an adult education student. (You may choose to read the story to the class rather than make copies for distribution.) After students have read the story, ask students to name the significant action, or plot. Write the list on the blackboard. It should look something like this (variations will occur):**

an old man dies
he leaves his oldest son two dogs and a field near the forest
he leaves his younger son two oxen and a field near the house
the oldest son makes the younger son trade their inheritances
monkeys hear the younger son singing as he plows the field near the forest
when the younger son takes a nap, the monkeys think he is dead and bury him in a gold mine
the younger son becomes rich and tells his older brother about his good fortune
the older son takes the dogs to the field near the house, plows for a short time, then pretends to be dead
the monkeys decide to bury the older brother in a silver mine
the older brother tells them to put him in a gold mine instead
the monkeys think the older brother is a ghost and throw him in the abyss

3. **Explain to students that one aspect of a good plot is conflict. The conflict of a story is the problem the main character fights to overcome. Every good story has a conflict to make it**

interesting to the reader. The four most common types of conflict are:

people versus people - common example: war stories
people versus society - common example: civil rights or political dramas
people versus nature - common example: disaster stories
people versus themselves - common example: psychological thrillers

4. Ask students which type of conflict they think was used in the story "Gold Mind and Silver Mine." (People vs people is probably the best answer, but a case could be made for people versus themselves since the older brother's greed was his ultimate defeat).

5. Suspense is the state of curiosity that exists within a story. Once a conflict emerges, the reader becomes curious about how things will work out. In "Gold Mine and Silver Mine" the conflict begins when the older brother forces the younger brother to trade inheritances. It is at that point that the reader knows there's a problem and the suspense begins to grow. Development refers to the events that grow out of a conflict before it is resolved. If a problem is resolved as soon as it occurs, there is no real story. Development, which often makes up most of the plot, consists of everything that happens after the problem is stated and before it is resolved.

6. Have students refer to the list of significant action they made earlier in the lesson (step #2). Ask students to determine which action brought on the conflict and which action could be classified as development. (The conflict occurs when the older brother forces the younger brother to trade inheritances. The development is everything that follows the conflict, but occurs before the monkeys throw the older brother in the abyss.)

7. Every conflict must have a resolution. The resolution of a story does not necessarily mean that the problem is solved, but it does mean that the action is brought to an end in a logical manner.

8. Ask students to identify the resolution of "Gold Mine and Silver Mine." Answer any questions students may have about the elements of plot.

9. Ask students to write a myth or folktale that they heard as a child. Encourage students to choose a story with a lot of significant action or an especially interesting conflict.

10. When students have finished their stories, have each student share his/her story with a partner. Together with a partner, ask each student to identify the conflict, suspense, development and resolution of each story.

Lesson Expansion: (for a follow-up class)

11. Using a hi-liter, mark student errors in grammar and/or punctuation (especially those errors that have previously been talked about in the class).

12. Return stories to students and ask them to reread their stories paying particular attention to the hi-lited areas.

13. Have students edit their stories. Answer any questions students may have pertaining to specific errors.

14. Ask students to recopy their revised stories. Collect papers.

15. Make copies of all the stories for each of the students in the class.

Duplication Master
Metaphor and Simile

Gold Mine and Silver Mine

In a village, there was an old farmer. He knew that he was going to die, so he called his two sons together and said, "My older son, you are healthy and strong, so I will give you two dogs and a field near the forest." Then he looked at his second son and said, "My younger son, I will give you two oxen and a field near the communal house."

When the farmer had passed away, the older son, who was a sly person, said to his brother, "I am older than you so I will take care of the house for our father. We will trade the possessions our father left us. You take the two dogs and the field near the forest and I will keep the two oxen and the field near the house."

The younger brother was disappointed, but he took the two dogs and went out to the field near the forest. When he reached the field, he saw that it was dry and covered with stones. Yet, the younger brother accepted his fate and tried not to feel disappointed. He made a small ploughshare and hooked it to a pair of dogs. As he ploughed he sang.

The sound of the young man singing echoed so deep in the forest that the monkeys heard it. They came to investigate the sound and soon discovered the young man and the two dogs plowing. They looked at each other and laughed at such a silly sight. Near the end of the day, the young man let the two dogs run free and lay down beside a tree to sleep.

While he slept, the monkeys came out of the forest to look at him. One of the monkeys said, "He must be dead. That's why we don't hear him singing anymore."

Another monkey asked, "Where should we bury him?"
The oldest monkey answered, "In the gold mine."

When the young man heard that, he pretended to be dead. The monkeys carried him to the gold mine and left him there. When the monkeys were gone, the young man collected all the gold and went home to his family. He was suddenly a very rich man.

When the older brother heard the story he was very jealous of his brother's good fortune. The next day he borrowed the two dogs and went to the field near the forest. After he had ploughed a short time, he lay down beside the tree and pretended to sleep.

Once again the monkeys came. One of them said, "He is dead. We will bury him in the silver mine."

When the older brother heard that, he cried out, "No, no! Put me in the gold mine or my soul won't be set free."

The monkeys were terrified when they heard the older brother's voice. Thinking it was a ghost speaking to them, the monkeys threw the older brother over a cliff and into an abyss. That was the end of the older brother.

Huong Truong
Viet Nam

Unheard Voices

An Adult Education Anthology of Poetry and Fiction

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INTERMEDIATE
UNIT 13

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Unheard Voices

An Adult Education Anthology of Poetry and Fiction 1992

Sandra Strunk, Editor

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Preface

This adult education anthology of poetry and short fiction is the first edition of what, I hope, will be an annual publication. With a little encouragement and support, adult learners have a great deal to say on a multitude of topics. Self-expression is fundamental to the human psyche. The voice of the adult education student is often obscured by language curricula and texts which prescribe attitudes and values rather than solicit those feelings and ideas which name and affirm individual identity.

The publication of student writing empowers the adult education student by validating his or her unique perspective and experience with the world. More than eighty adult education students participated in this project. Their words tell us a great deal about the world of the adult learner. I am grateful to each of these students for their willingness to share deeply personal thoughts and feelings. The power of the written word comes through again and again in these pages.

Many of the selections in this book were written in response to specific lesson plans which can be found in the companion publication *Creative Writing in the Adult Education Classroom: An Instructor's Handbook*. The lessons in that publication were designed to function as a springboard for imaginative writing in the classroom. Throughout the development of this project, I was amazed both by the quality and the quantity of the student writing received. Often, when I spoke to adult education classes about writing poetry and fiction, students would approach me after class and offer to share some of the writing they had done outside the classroom. In many cases, teachers had no idea their students were writing poetry and fiction and students had no idea their teachers were interested in anything other than expository writing.

Clearly, in our eagerness to help adult education students achieve specific and pragmatic goals, all too often we tend to overlook those less tangible, but equally important, benefits which arise from creative writing. It is my hope that this publication will not only provide a vehicle for the recognition of adult student writing, but will also serve as an inspiration for adult educators who are reluctant to work with creative writing projects in the classroom.

Sandra Strunk, Editor

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Haiku

Thunder is rolling
Streaks of lightening are flashing
How awesome it is
Eva Zimmerman

When I was walking
In the woods I saw a deer
Playing in the leaves
Wanda Minnick

Squirrels in the forest
They're skipping and scampering
As they run from trees
Charlene R. Martin

The deer are running
The hunters are out today
Snow is on the ground
Louis Gross, Jr.

The night was hot
Cool wind blowing in my hair
As I race to home
Bill Gustafson

Ice in the winter
Creates all the merry fun
Skating on a pond
Charlene R. Martin

Right now it is cold
I miss my landmother
I want to return
Khanh Phuong Nguyen

Beautiful women
Walking tall and very sexy
Alone on the beach
Bill Gustafson

The children all dream
With excitement and delight
Of Halloween fun
Pearl Rost

Snow is very deep
Snow is very cold
Snow is in the wintertime
Harry Ondrey

The winter is cold
We build the biggest snow man
Kids play in the snow
José Aponté

Their boats on the dock
They are painting their boats now
People are cleaning
Louis Gross, Jr.

A toad is in the hole
It jumps and sits there
Then it jumps away

Son Nguyen

Bare branches of trees
Stark against a winter sky
Form their own designs

Esther S. Weaver

Do you see Autumn?
Gold leaves fall in the forest
Birds sing in the sun

Khanh Phuong Nguyen

Marriage
Dancing, eating, fun
Throwing the garters up high
Bouquets in the air

Larry E. Meucci

Roses are beautiful
Their sweet scent fills the air
They come in many colors

Marilyn H. Wenger

Leaves turning colors
The water is nice today
Snow is falling down

Laurie Van Atten

Leaves on the ground
Families being together
Cool nights to be ahead

Joyful sound of kids
Running jumping and playing
School is out today

Karl G. Gustafson

The leaves are yellow
The dry leaves are falling down
The leaves are pretty

Theresa Quinn

Going on a Trip
Driving lots of miles
Seeing things along the road
Staying in motels

Pat Wilkosz

Water plug opened
The kids playing in the street
They get soaking wet

José Aponté

Winter will be here
We might have a white Christmas
It gets pretty cold

Spring comes after winter
It starts warming up again
Birds start flying north

The sun is shining
It gets muggy and so hot
Storm in the summer

I can hear birds sing
I hear them chirp all over
Birds are beautiful

Martha Meade

Love the Fall's colors
The leaves are so beautiful
They fall on the ground

The trees are pretty
I love the snow and Fall leaves
The Fall is so nice

Craig Dale Kendrick

Fish swim in the sea
Their fins help them glide swiftly
They're very good to eat

Virginia M. Rutt

It is a nice day
The people are raking leaves
It is awful wet

Shirl Lorson

Streets are very full
From Thanksgiving to Christmas
As customers shop

Charlene R. Martin

It is a Fall day
The leaves are changing colors
The snow is coming

Harry Ondrey

We walk in the forest
Below the leaves
Feeling the wind blow softly

Ana Medina
Catherine Wallace
Larry Lewis

Animals are nice
They like to get food quickly
They also get rest

Pat Bloss

Sky is blue today
The grass is green and pretty
Flowers are budding

Laurie Van Atten

Fishing at the sea
Is a very relaxing thing
To do every summertime

Nilsa Colón
Mayra Mercado

Special Olympics
Playing basketball
Bowling on each Thursday night
Running track and field

Thomas Scott Parr

Guys
Handsome, cute and nice
Talking, hugging, feeling good
They are everywhere

Grace Gausman

Children
Children are funny
They play with toys and others
I like them a lot

Dawn Harris

December
Chirstmas is coming
Being with my family
Happy time of year

Martha McConnell

Halloween is near
Kids are carving their pumpkins
Trick or treat is near

Susanne Miller

While it snows at night
Children play and fight with
Snowballs through the sky

Sally Ayala

I love my kids a lot
They are good and quiet kids
They like swimming a lot

Nilsa Colón
Mayra Mercado

I like to swim too
Swimming is nice in the sun
Sun makes water warm

Pat Bloss

The weather is hot
It's time to put shorts on
My legs are sunburned

Bobby Young

Life full of wonder
Appreciate the make of things
Study its nature

John Carpio

Walking in the sand
Feeling the ocean water
Splashing at our feet

Ana Medina
Catherine Wallace
Larry Lewis

One day I go to the beach
Sunshine, blue, white sky
All things are joy

Son Nguyen

In the Autumn our
Park leaf turn gold, red, and brown
Now until winter

Jesus Castrolópez

The sun sparks and shines
The river and wind flow and blow
I'm speechless watching

John Carpio

Teddy bears are soft
Babies sleep with them at nights
All stuffed up and warm

José Aponté

Thanksgiving
Turkey, stuffing, yams
Mashed potatoes with gravy
Thanksgiving is here

Chip Hultman

It is fall season
The trees start to shed their leaves
And sway to the ground

Shirley Matthews

The red tree in front
Largely blocks my window view
And drops its bright leaves

Carol Gilmore

The leaves are beautiful
But they don't seem to last long
For the wind blows them away

Wanda Minnick

All candies are sweet
Like some ladies all around
As beauty shines through

José Aponté

People on the beach
Lying in the warm sunshine
Building in the sand

Peggy Taylor

Looking at street lights
Flurries falling everywhere
I don't really care

Wanda Minnick

Sun shines on my face
The pond ripples with many leaves
Floating gently there

Carol Gilmore

Leaves fall softly down
A deer watches us with care
Squirrels and hares play

Carol Gilmore

Chicken laying eggs
Small little chicks being born
Play with each other

José Aponté

The Tanka

Mother is ocean
I swim in there every day
Father is mountain
I climb up it in my life
They mean everything to me

Khanh Nguyen

Jesus is our Friend
Helping us in all we do
He never leaves us
Comfortless or forsaken
We should follow His footsteps

Eva S. Zimmerman

When the sun comes up
All the darkness disappears
Cares of yesterday
Fade with the stars of the night
And we can begin again

Esther S. Weaver

All people are different
It is fun meeting with people
Helping those in need
Giving others a big smile
Can make you feel good inside

Virginia M. Rutt

Squirrels were hiding
There were acorns in the trees
Suddenly something
Hit me on the head very hard!
When I looked the squirrel ran

Wanda Minnick

People are special
We all need each other in this life
People are getting older every day
Nursing old folks can be interesting
They can help lift one another's burdens
Marilyn H. Wenger

Birthdays
Yeah! December fifth
This is my favorite day
It's close to Christmas
Then New Year's Day will be here
Celebrating ninety-two
Patrick C. Wilkosz

Thanksgiving's special
Being with my friends
It is always a nice day
It's a lovely time of year
Turkey is my favorite
Martha McConnell

Chirstmas
Christmas is so fun
Being with my family
Presents and my friends
Christmas lights shining around
Listening to Christmas songs
Dawn Harris

Playing in the sand
Spending time with companions
Taking care of dolls
Loving dogs and cats
Children make me so happy
Chip Hultman

Holidays
We like holidays
Christmas means getting presents
Having lots of fun
Talking to my relatives
I like to eat on these days
Grace Gautman

Colleges
Colleges are here
Colleges are everywhere
Basketball, football
Wrestling, swimming, and much more
I'm not going to college
Thomas Scott Parr

You will feel alone
If your country's far away
You will feel happy
If your dream comes tomorrow
Cause it is meaning of life
Khanh Nguyen

The snow falls quickly
Cold and wet against my face
We build snow tunnels
Carefully and busily
We make our way through
Carol Gilmore

Seeing Disneyland
Having fun with my sweet wife
Swimming and shopping
Eating out in restaurants
Meeting somebody I know
Larry E. Meucci

We have ups and downs
Life brings cheery smiles and tears
We have to accept
Life with whatever it brings
Let's remember God controls

The days on a farm
Are never the very same
Chores may turn out wrong
Pleasures of a job well done
Outweigh the negative times
Charlene R. Martin

Do not reach to the moon,
When you do not know the Earth
If you love this world
You smile with him every day
That is happy life for you
Khanh Nguyen

Guys and Dolls
Being together
Having friends all around them
The dolls all go out
The guys are playing a game
Then they all leave to go home
Peggy Taylor

The car is on sand
The car's red with hot wheels
I like cars a lot
I would like to race this car
Driving into the sunset
Theresa Quinn

Metaphor and Simile

Courage is the sunshine that turns away the dark in my mind.

Compassion is like a breeze that soothes my irritation.

Pride is the fortress that sustains my belief.

Jealousy is like a wave that steals my feelings and torments me.

Noriko Kai

Pride is a knife with which one plays without being aware that it often cuts two ways.

Fear is what you have left when there's no more courage around.

Fear is like an empty dark room with no exit.

Yann Broband

Jealousy is like a tempest. It causes thunder and lightening, and shatters love.

Compassion is like ash after burned love.

Courage is like a fountain when it continues to well up.

Yoko Noda

WHAT YOU ARE

Like the sun shining through the trees after a terrifying
Storm bringing life to the leaves that bring along
The charm like the moon that shines deep into the night
Giving me guidance home and peace of mind
And this is so beautiful can't you see that's
what you are to me.

Tyrone D. Wilson

Love Is
Love is a gift
That you have to deal with
Love is the air
sometimes it isn't fair
Love is Me and You
Together only us two
José Apouté

Love
Love starts with a smile
But ends with a tear
The love of your life
May leave you next year

Love is a gamble
Without many rules
Cherished by lovers
Abandoned by fools

Love is the smile of a friend
A helping hand
Or when someone says
"I understand"

It's that compliment you give
When someone's feeling sad
Or that bit of advice when
Troubles come on bad
Fredeswinda Mendez

Fear's a tragic friend
Who comes and sees you at the End
Fear's a puppy who can't find his home
Fear's an enemy when you're wounded and alone
Fear's an endless struggle or fight
Who sits beside you when you give it all your might
Fear's a football rookie's debut
When you sit in a bleacher and he looks at you
Fear is when the pressure comes on
When a singer forgets the song
Joe Pearce

Pride is the friend by your side
Pride is always very hard to hide
Pride can make you feel you're a giant
Or meek as a lamb
Pride can make your head swell until it's
Hard to tell who you are anymore
Debra Smoker

Jealousy is when you let something eat at your heart
And mind and soul. Jealousy is when you have to have
Something someone else has that's what jealousy is
Albert Wright

It takes a lot of courage
To go back to school
It takes a lot of courage
To learn the golden rule
It takes a lot of courage
To go all the way
To see what you can do in life
And say it's O.K.
Clarice Brown

Courage is something that we need especially if we have new plans
of our own.
And again if these plans do not come through.
Then to come up with courage again to try something new
This, until you succeed or close the idea
And then, after all to keep this courage to see what comes
And to see how far courage took me
Jesus Castrolópez

I take to my girls with lots of pride
I treat them with lots of good things
If they mess up once they'll take a long ride
Because this boy don't play when it comes to pride
Bryan Jacks

Compassion

Life seems gray and dismal when there is no one to turn to
You feel utterly alone and afraid constantly
Searching for that special gift
When you're at life's end turn around and look
Notice how many people do care and understand
They may be people who aren't that close to you
Or just friends who have known you quite a while
But one thing is for sure
They all are there to give out a helpful ear
When you need someone to listen and care

Bernice Jones

Pride

Pride can take you on a crazy ride
Trying to keep up with it
Can make your head go side to side
Too much pride can bring enemies
It can give you friends, sometimes
It's based on trends

Genol Torres

I got too much pride
To tell her good-bye
But that girl is so fly
She's always on my mind

She's leaving tomorrow
And I'm drowning in sorrow
But I got too much pride
To tell her good-bye

I hope I have courage
To keep my love in storage
Want to say good-bye
But I got too much pride

Michael Rodriguez

Fear can be a misunderstanding
Jealously is also
Courage can wrap around pride and compassion
Where sorrow knows many souls
Mary Harrison

I had to build up all my pride for the most bumpy ride
The courage I had was mostly sour porridge
It was the fear that I could not overcome this tear
In my life, the sorrow I know
Was the compassion of a guilty school fashion
Was I jealous? No!
It was jealously that she left me
AEC Student

Fear
Fear can sometimes make
Things clear, I don't
Want to see another tear
I want to see no more fear
Because my love is very
Sincere!
Genol Torres

Sorrow
Your love I want to borrow
If I can't get it, I will
Die in sorrow, for without
Your love I just don't see
A happy tomorrow!
Genol Torres

Roses are red
The town has a bandstand in the common
Fall carries with it the smell of burning leaves
and the crisp bite of morning frost
I wish that people would stop being judgemental and just
treat each other with love
Winston Churchill accomplished great things
Next year at this time we'll all brag about our successes
Writing Workshop
LVA Lancaster-Lebanon Literacy Council

The sunset was a brilliant combination of reds and golds
The downtown is dirty
The weather outside is frightful
I wish I could go on a cruise
When something good happens to me,
he feels as happy as if it had happened to him
Next year at this time we'll get together and see what changes
have been made
Writing Workshop
LVA Lancaster-Lebanon Literacy Council

The red car raced through the intersection
There are lots of one-way streets in Lancaster
Summer means the seashore
I wish I had three wishes
Ronald Reagan looks like he used shoe polish on his hair
Next year at this time the weather will be warmer
Writing Workshop
LVA Lancaster-Lebanon Literacy Council

The Phillies are in red uniforms
The town was quiet in the night
It snowed three feet
I wish I could be in the Bahamas
But the only real hero living today is Joe DiMaggio
Next year at this time my broken leg will be better
Writing Workshop
LVA Lancaster-Lebanon Literacy Council

I hope spring soon arrives so I can see green grass again
Lancaster is a clean city when compared to Philadelphia
In the summertime there is a lot of hot, humid weather which is
good for swimming
I wish air travel would cost much less than it does
She never fails to make me laugh even when I think I should
be crying
Next year at this time Mario Cuomo will be President

Writing Workshop
LVA Lancaster-Lebanon Literacy Council

The sky today was very deep blue
A quiet tree-lined town
Summer is always the best season
I wish I could have been there!
I think Burt Reynolds looks good with his "rug" on
Next year at this time I will be in Kansas City, Missouri

Writing Workshop
LVA Lancaster-Lebanon Literacy Council

My wife loves the color blue
From Lancaster to the 20th century is less than a hundred
miles
I wish we would get one good snow storm
I wish I were scuba diving
George Washington
Next year at this time I hope we will have snow

Writing Workshop
LVA Lancaster-Lebanon Literacy Council

She lived in a world of blues and reds
Albertville is a "hopping" place
Cold
I wish I had lots of money
Thomas Jefferson was a man of vision
Next year at this time, I can read good

Writing Workshop
LVA Lancaster-Lebanon Literacy Council

Poem of Address

Love Game

You say that you love me
Then leave me again
Stop playing these love games
Where I never win
I thought when I met you
Your feelings were true
You said you loved me
If only I knew
So when you get bored
Desperate or down
Don't come running to me
I won't be around
Because love's not a game
Where the winner is you
Love's an emotion
Shared between two

Fredeswinda Mendez

We planned our life together as one
You asked for a wife, but now you're gone.
I pray each night that you'll soon see
That me and you were meant to be.

I won't give up, you see how I try
And all you do is make me cry
Your daughter is two, and asking for you
And here comes another who might never know
That Daddy was here but now he's gone
And might never know he had a son

Tammy Mummaw

SEND ME

SEND ME SOME WISDOM
WELL SEND ME SOME FAITH
SEND ME ALL OF YOUR GOODNESS
YOU KNOW I CAN RELATE
PLEASE TAKE AWAY MY ANGER
PLEASE TAKE AWAY MY FEARS
TAKE AWAY ALL OF THE BAD
AND WIPE AWAY MY TEARS

Tyrone D. Wilson

For Now

For now
Be my friend
Accept me as the person I am
Don't force me to shut you out
For now
Try to understand
Don't tell me lies
That will confuse me further
For now
Be patient
Inside me there's a beautiful person
Give me time
For now
Let me know you care
Meet me halfway
And walk with me from there

Fredeswinda Mendez

One

You are not one of me
You are not of me
You are not me
For you are all of me
We are one...

Kim Novak

Only Tears

Things aren't the same since we've been apart,
The pain that I feel is from my broken heart.
I've tried so hard my feelings to hide
But the pain won't go away because I'm dying inside.
Birds don't sing anymore, the sky is always gray,
It gets harder to go on with each passing day.
You were my first true love, and I know you'll be the last,
Without you there is no future, I see only the past.
There is no more laughter for me, there are only tears,
The memories we had, I'll cherish over the years.
It hurts so much knowing you don't care,
The promises we made, but for us they were not there.
All the things we talked about, the family that we planned,
How we were going to walk the path, together hand in hand.
Now I have nothing, no reason to look ahead,
Life without you means emptiness, I'd rather be dead.

José Aponté

BE MINE

I LIKE THE WAY YOU WALK
AND THE WAY YOU TALK
WITH A FACE AS PRECIOUS AS GOLD
AND LIPS OF GLOSS
YOUR HAIR IS WILD BUT YET SO BOLD
I KNOW I COULD LOVE YOU
AND MY LOVE FOR YOU WOULD NEVER GROW OLD
YOUR EYES SHINE LIKE DIAMONDS
YOUR TEETH LIKE PEARLS
I NEED TO ASK YOU
"WILL YOU BE MY GIRL?"

Tyrone D. Wilson

La Que Escribe

La que escribe es el bolígrafo
La que dicta es el alma
La que te quiere y te ama y
Tú sabes como se llama es Windy

La naturaleza te brinda flores
La noche, tranquilidad y yo
Que soy tu amiga que te
Brindo amistád

Que malo es pasar por un rio
Una noche sin luna pero
Más malo es amar sin
Esperanza ninguna

Un pintor puede pintar una rosa
Y un clavel pero no puede
Pintar el amar de una mujer

Te quiero porque te quiero
En mi querer nadie manda
Te quiero porque me sale de
Lo más profundo del alma

Fredeswinda Mendez

Sometimes I think the world seems so hard to live in
Like our home we love
Our feet may leave, but not our hearts
If we work hard we will survive in this lonesome world.

Khom Tuy

Like the hidden closed version of Quran
Dark and Sacred, unseen, hidden from Man
Black and Quiet like so many Libraries
Secret Calm wisdom in the Song of Canaries
Revealed to my mind, Buildings of Time
My Ancestor's repented and they kneeled for their Crime
America - ha! an ill fitted suit upon
Majesty mysteriously earthlike brown
Rising spiritually out of his flesh
Into the Bliss of a Poetry Gown
And being Black, Young and Gifted
The Ebony Crown is lifted

Taalib Muhammad Ali

Growth

Golden strands whisk the mystery
Which is beyond the mirror image
Each strand engulfs the growth
That lived dormant in the soul
At last
A shimmer germinates from the darkness
A sprout of awareness
A shrilling cry for life
The image flows with the darkness
Leaving behind infinite light
The path from the soul to the eye becomes clear
The light of the eye has erupted
To nourish the soul

Kim Novak

If I

If I had a wish
I would wish that I was a baby again
If I had a baby
I would be the best father I could be
If I were a girl
I would want to be beautiful and intelligent
If I were the last person on this earth
I would do my best to keep it clean
If I had a wish
I would wish that I were a baby again

José Aponté

Only the Lonely

Only the lonely are down
And depressed
Only the lonely are
Unlike the rest
Only the lonely are sad
Even though they aren't mad

All of a sudden the lonely aren't
So lonely any more
They're so happy because they
Have someone to live for
They feel so free like they
Have everything to live for
Like you and me because
We have each other

Palmer Price

THE WAY

I WAS LAYING BACK UNDERNEATH THE TREES
TAKING IT ALL IN, EVEN THE BREEZE
AND ALONG COMES A THOUGHT
I DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW
ABOUT SMOKING THAT STUFF AND DOING MY SNOW
I WAS DEPRESSED AND LONELY
THAT'S HOW I WAS FEELING
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT I WAS ILLING
I CAME TO THE ROOMS JUST TO SEE THE GIRLS
NOTHING MATTERED TO ME
NOTHING IN THIS WORLD
THEY TOLD ME WELCOME AND KEEP COMING BACK
IT WOULD BE NICE IF YOU STAYED
AND THEN THE GUY UP FRONT TOLD ME
THIS IS THE WAY

Tyrone d. Wilson

Broken Heart

My heart is as heavy as a stone,
Because you are gone and I'm alone.
The sweetest days seem to fade away,
I should've known you weren't here to stay.
But you captured my heart and I didn't know what to do,
I was a fool for falling madly in love with you.
I went through hell to satisfy you,
And for what, to me you were never true.
I feel the tears falling from my eyes,
I finally understand why,
For I am alone and you are free,
I really thought you were the special one
For me

José Aponté

We're from two different worlds
It could never be right
You try to hide your love
And stay out of sight
When we're alone together
You express how you feel
When we're not alone
I have to ask if its real
You tell me you love me
And say that you care
But that's not what I see
Through the look at your stare
We're two different people
From worlds apart
I knew that falling in love
Was wrong from the start

Tammy Mummaw

Durian

Durian is a durian,
It's name means "own sadness."
A very special fruit from Asia,
Most South Vietnamese think the best.

Everyone has his own loneliness
Which symbolizes the precious loss
That happens, the melancholy
I choose to embrace.

Durian, I like you!
Durian, I love you!
You make me remember my little country,
You make me remember my poor country.

Durian, you are always sweet.
You are my feelings, my emotions,
I've never forgotten you in any situation,
And always, you make me long for home.

Nhung Cao

Sometimes we all need a little encouragement to have the key
To unlock the door of courage and strength
The truth is in our hearts
The ideas in our minds will be awakened
Our feelings will flow with the ideas of our dreams.
The key is in the palm of our hand
We must use it
That key is the power to start our dreams
Each step we take brings us closer to our goals.

Khom Tuy

My Dream House

I picture my dream house being up north in the mountains. Not along the road, but up where I can't even hear the sound a police siren makes. Just hearing the sounds of wild birds and animals as they make their way through the wilderness and up and down the benches and ridges that await them. Smelling the clean crisp air that blows up and down over the white snow-covered mountain. My dream house is a two-story log cabin made out of red oak. It has a chimney on the left back corner of the house. Inside, there's a black woodstove. It has one bedroom and one and one-half baths. It also has a den w[illegible]re I keep all of my deer heads and turkey mounts. When you walk in, you smell the fragrance of oak and gun cleaner.

Ray Bechtold

The first thing I think of is a large wooded area far enough away from the city that I can't smell it. My house is a spacious one-story rancher with plenty of room. The first thing you see as you enter the driveway is a pass gate. You would need a pass card to get in. The fence around my house is cast iron post. My house is about 200 yards from the road. My house is built to my every specification from the foundation up. As you enter the front door, you can see the strength of the structure, so you would not want to try to break in. There is also a one car garage attached to the side. Inside my house there is a living room, dining room, and kitchen. There are three bedrooms, a den, a full basement and a playroom for my family. There is also a fireplace in the living room. You can smell the wood burning from a distance. Also, you can hear the chainsaws cutting down trees in the distance.

Shawn White

The Blackbird Flew Over the Maple Trees

My dream house looks like a clean house inside and out. Me and my wife live there. It smells good. When I open the door, it does not stink of cigarettes or liquor or any other substance. Every now and then you hear a train whistle or a car, but most of the time it's noise free with no loud music. That's my dream house.

(William) Doug Peters

If I had the chance or choice to build my own home, it would definitely be an A frame made up of a lot of special things. First, I would like a large kitchen with plenty of large oak cabinets and probably with a fireplace built into one wall totally covered with brick because the kitchen should be the main room where family meet after school and work every day. Then I'd have the living room which opens up in the kitchen area with all kinds of dark woods and soft colored furnishings. On the first floor, there would also be a bathroom which would hold all things needed, plus a skylight so I could grow plants. That way it could double as a greenhouse. Oh, and let's not forget the hot tub! Now, we will go up a winding staircase which leads to the bedrooms. One bedroom would be built in on one side of the hall and the other would be a loft bedroom overlooking the downstairs of the house. I know this would be a very quiet and unique place to live because it's my dream house and everyone has to have a dream.

Merle Trout

I can imagine myself with my four beautiful, crazy children in a home spacious enough for each of them to have their own bedroom. Each of the boys would have a master bedroom, a queen-size waterbed, NFL curtains, comforters and rug to match, and matching wallpaper to complement the room.

For my only girl, I would really have to go all out. She would have a white oak bedroom set with a canopy to match. She would also have a black and white shag rug, white curtains, a walk-in and an up-to-date set of encyclopedia. In her white linen bedroom, she would have a stereo system and a remote control color television. We would have two bathrooms with a bathtub, shower and full length mirror. In our lower level, I would like a family room with all the trimmings to keep my children close to home.

Now, in my super master bedroom, I also would like a queen-size waterbed dressed in a red velvet bedspread. I also would enjoy sculptured mirrors all around my bedroom.

My living room would have grey or black furniture and carvings from Africa.

Antonia Rodriguez

I have always dreamed of living in a big beautiful home with my boyfriend and my two children. My home would be located in the country.

I would like one master bedroom with a huge walk-in closet on the south wall. My bathroom would have a whirlpool, shower and mirrors on all the walls. The other four bedrooms would have walk-in closets, beautiful chandeliers hanging from the ceilings and mirrors on the walls.

My downstairs would have five rooms with one room for my unicorn collection that I've been collecting for years. Then the rest of my house would have carpet on all floors, paneling on all walls, and big beautiful chandeliers in every room.

The outside would be beautiful. The house would be all white siding with black trim. A white picket fence would surround the house. In the evening, I could sit on the porch swing and enjoy the sounds of nature. I would hear robins singing in big beautiful green oak trees and crickets chirping down by the pond. That would be a lovely way to end the evening.

Laura Gass

My dream home would be a place in the country where it is quiet and private. It would be a small comfortable home with six rooms, one full bath and one powder room by the kitchen. I would like three closets. There would be one in each room and one at the front door entrance. The bedrooms, dining room and living room would have wall-to-wall carpeting, curtains and drapes. All of the rooms in my house would have painted walls. My home would include all conveniences as follows: laundry room, dish washer, garbage disposal and microwave oven. It would also include a two car garage and driveway. This is my idea of a dream home.

Dorothy Varholy

My dream house is a giant castle type old eighteenth century church with colorful windows. When you come through the double wooden oak doors, you immediately run into a giant water fountain with a dragon in the middle. The dragon has bright red glowing eyes and water rushing out of his mouth. A spiral staircase around the fountain leads to a circular balcony. Winged gargoyles, with water flowing from their mouths to the

fountain below, guard the balcony. Underwater lights change the water to purple.

The master bedroom will be located on the balcony. The bed will be a giant size waterbed dressed in black silk. The dressers will be made of hard oak and stained to a dark color. Scenes of fantasy lands will be painted on the walls. Included in the paintings will be real aquariums which are built into the walls. As in every other room, mirrors will be located on the ceiling. An entertainment system and a bar will also be a part of this room.

Returning to the first floor, an eight-foot long mirrored hallway is located on the other side of the fountain. The hallway leads to the living room which is furnished with oak medieval furniture, a fireplace and white carpet. Built into the one wall is a big screen stereo entertainment center. In one corner of the room, fish swim in a built-in fish pond. Pictures of castles and warriors fighting dragons cover the walls.

To the left of the living room will be an unusual hallway leading to the dining room. As you walk down the hallway, you will feel you stepped into the ocean. Behind the hallway's glass walls you will see sea horses, stingrays, sharks, and other saltwater animals swimming in thousands of gallons of water. Coral, underwater plants, and seashells are scattered on the sea-like floor. This "ocean" is also visible while seated in the dining area located at the end of the hallway.

The dining room table, similar to the table used by the Knights of the Round Table, is made of solid oak. Oak chairs, the size of a King's throne, surround the table. A glass chandelier hangs above the table. China cabinets, filled with medieval cookware and dishes, line the walls.

Leaving the dining room, you walk through a mirrored hallway to the bathroom. As you enter the bathroom, you feel as though you have just stepped into a greenhouse. The tub will be like a miniature pond, the shower will be a constant running waterfall, and the toilet will be made of wood. When you are in the bathroom, you will feel like you are in a rainforest. Plants will be hanging from the ceiling and growing from the floor.

The kitchen will be located at the other end of the castle. In the middle of the kitchen is a marble-topped work table. Copper cookware is stacked on a shelf above the cast-iron stove. Swords, hatchets, shields and battle axes hang from the walls.

Antonio J. Orfino

Creating Character

Name: Miss Angelica Lazarus **Age:** 64
Occupation: Fortune Teller
Living Situation: Lives alone in a one bedroom apartment with three cats and a yellow canary named Dylan. The apartment is located above an Italian bakery in downtown Philadelphia.
Other Biographical Information: Miss Lazarus' past is a mystery to those who know her. She has lived in the apartment above the bakery for the past eight years and, according to her neighbors, receives few visitors other than her clients. Twice a month, usually on a week-end, she packs a small bag and disappears overnight with no explanation. When she returns, she always looks extremely exhausted and her face is often puffy, as if she'd been crying. Miss Lazarus is very secretive about the mail she receives, and often meets the mail carrier before he can put the mail in her box. There are many rumors about Miss Lazarus circulating through the apartment house. Some people say Angelica Lazarus is not her real name; others believe she has been in trouble with the law. When asked about her past, Miss Lazarus says she grew up in New York City and has no living relatives.

Miss Lazarus was born in Jamaica. I don't think she has any relatives in the U.S. but she does in Jamaica. She is secretive because she's a really popular reggae artist and she doesn't want everyone running up to her asking for autographs and stuff. She became a fortune teller so she could see the future and she would know when she could go out without being noticed. Her real name is Madam Mercy. When she splits out for a few days, she goes and takes her disguise off and she performs a reggae concert. Her cats names are Nardo, Cutty and Shabba.

Bill Shannon

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Miss Lazarus was born in Puerto Rico. Her mom had a big drug problem. She has a sister that lives in Philadelphia on Chestnut Street. Miss Lazarus moved down the block from her sister. She gets in contact with her mom to get drugs to sell. That's why she's so secretive. She became a fortune teller to make it look like she's a good person, but she sells drugs. Her real name is Anndraia. She goes around the corner to the next block to give her sister a bag of drugs so that they both can sell and she can have money for her three cats named Blacky, Whitey and Oreo.

Craig Culp

Eat Fruits Pay Gold

Once upon a time there was a family that had two sons. Their parents had passed away and left them a house with household goods, a farm and a star fruit tree. The older brother was a greedy person who took everything and left only the star fruit tree for his younger brother. The younger brother was a good man, so he accepted this without complaint.

Everyday the younger brother picked star fruit and went to the market to trade it for food. One day, a big bird came and accidently ate a lot of the star fruit. When the younger brother stepped out of his house and saw that the star fruit was almost gone, he started crying.
The bird asked, "Why are you crying?"

He answered, "The fruit of this tree has been my survival, and now that you have eaten it all, what will I trade for food tomorrow?"

The bird told him, "Get some material and sew a bag three times the size of the palm of your hand. I will take you to the East Shore to get gold". The young brother obeyed, went to the East Shore with the bird, and came home a very rich man. He sold the gold to buy a house and a farm.

One day, the younger brother invited the older brother to come to his house for dinner. The older brother stood in open-mouthed astonishment when he saw his younger brother's house. When he asked his younger brother how he had become so rich, the young man was honest and told him the truth. After dinner, the older brother asked his younger brother to trade the star fruit tree for everything the older brother owned. The younger brother agreed.

The next day the bird came and the story was repeated - - only instead of following the bird's instructions exactly, the older brother sewed a cloth bag twice as big as he should have so that it would hold more gold. On the way back from the East Shore, the bag became too heavy for the bird. The bird told the older brother, "You will have to throw away half of the gold". But the older brother would not listen. He fell down from the sky and died.

Huong Truong
Viet Nam

The Sun and the Moon

A long, long time ago, when tigers ate tobacco, there lived a mother with a son and daughter. The mother sold rice cakes for a living. One day, on the way home, the mother met a tiger. The tiger said, "If you give me a ricecake, I won't eat you."

There were seven mountains on her way home and, at every mountain, the tiger appeared. At the last mountain, she didn't have any more rice cakes, so the tiger ate her. The tiger put on the mother's clothes and went to her house. He knocked on the door saying, "Children, open the door, It's me, your mother." The children knew the voice did not belong to their mother. They escaped to the back yard and climbed the tree. They prayed, "God, give us a heavy rope." A heavy rope came down from the sky and they escaped. Tiger prayed, "God, give me a heavy rope, too." A rotten rope came and the tiger fell onto the land and died. In the sky, the boy became the sun and the girl became the moon.

Ji-won Lee
Korea

The Yellow Ant

A long time ago, in a village there was a young man who was a miser and a lazy person. He had not studied or worked. He usually wandered from house to house of the people in the village or came to the communal house for food. People in the village grew to hate him.

One day, the young man fell unconscious beside the road from hunger. In his coma, he saw a mountain of gold. He ran to pick up the gold, but an old man appeared and told him he was not allowed to have the gold. The young man said, "If I can have the gold, I promise to help unlucky people. If I do not, may I become a yellow ant." The old man agreed and gave the gold to the young man. The young man became very rich and lived in a big house.

One day, an old man with dirty clothes was laying in front of the young man's house. Instead of helping the old man, the young man told him to go away. Suddenly, the dirty old man became the old man who had been at the mountain of gold. The young man remembered the promise he had made to the old man. He begged for the old man's forgiveness, but the old man refused. The young man became a yellow ant.

Huong Truong
Viet Nam

The Story of Lame Bore

Once upon a time there was a woman who was called the mother of Mamo. Mamo was her only son. One day Mamo's mother was cleaning leaves outdoors when a fly came and bit her. Immediately after that, Mamo's mother got very sick and developed fever. She knew she was going to die, so she called her cow Lame Bore. She said, "Please take care of my son, Mamo." After that she died.

After the funeral, Mamo's father married another woman who had two children. Starting from the first day, the stepmother never gave Mamo enough food. It was Mamo's job to look after the cattle. When he was hungry, he'd go to the cows. Lame Bore changed her urine to milk and her cow pies to bread so that Mamo will have enough food and not starve. Because of this, Mamo grew fat but his stepbrothers stayed thin. Mamo's stepmother asked why her two children were thin compared to Mamo when she fed them so well and Mamo so little. She discovered that Lame Bore was feeding Mamo. She decided she must do something about the cow.

Mamo's stepmother told his father she was very sick and would die if he did not kill Lame Bore. Mamo's father understood. He painted another cow the same color as Lame Bore and painted Lame Bore black. He killed the other cow instead of Lame Bore and gave the meat to his wife. The stepmother was very happy and told her husband that she was healed. Mamo's father sent his wife out and lived peacefully with his son.

Yakuta Abdo
Ethiopia

Kebede and the Lion

Once up on a time, Kebede and his friend were walking along the road when they found a dead lion. Kebede said, "Lets bring him back to life again." His friend said, "No!" But Kebede said, " I can make him live." So he did. After he brought him back to life, the lion turned and ate Kebede.

Tesfa!sm H. Sultan
Ethiophia

The Weaver

Long, long ago, there was a young man. One day he went to the mountain for his work and he found a crane that was caught in a trap. This gentleman helped the crane. One evening, during a snow storm, he heard the sound of someone knocking at the door. There was a beautiful woman there. He helped her and he gave her a room for the night. Time passed and they were married. One day, this woman began to weave beautiful clothes. These clothes sold for a very high price. The woman told her husband he must never try to see her when she was weaving. The young man promised her, but soon became curious about how she was weaving the clothes. So, one day, he peeked into her working room. To his amazement, he saw a crane weaving the clothes. It was the same crane that he had helped before. The crane saw him and said, "Now that you know my figure, we can't live together any more." With that, she flew high into the sky. All his life the young man regretted his broken promise.

Eri Narimatsu
Japan

The Holly Bow

About 500 years ago, the king of Viet Nam was An Duong Vuong and his daugher was Princess My Chau . King An Duong Vuong was supported by the holly turtle. The holly turtle gave him a bow that had a special quality. When one arrow was shot from the bow, it multiplied and became a lot of arrows. With one arrow, the king could kill all of the enemy.

Many times the enemy from the North tried to invade Viet Nam. The king An Duong Vuong wasn't nervous at all. He sat in the king chair and waited until the enemy came near the castle. Then, he used the holly bow with one arrow to kill all the warriors. Finally, the king from the north had to make peace with An Duong Vuong. He asked for a marriage agreement between his son, Prince Trong Thuy and Princess My Chau.

After the wedding, Trong Thuy came to live with My Chau in Viet Nam. He waited until no one was paying attention, then replaced the holly bow with a worthless bow. He took the holly bow to his father in the North. Though Trong Thuy loved My Chau, he had to do what his father, the king, said. When he left My Chau to take the holly bow to the North, he told her that if there was any problem, he would try to find her by following the feathers from the coat he gave her.

After Trong Thuy reached the North, war broke out again. Like the

war before, An Duon Vuong sat confidently in the king chair waiting. When the enemy came near his castle, he used his bow to shoot the enemy. But the bow didn't work! He had to flee his castle and went to the East Sea to ask the holly turtle what happened to his bow. The holly turtle appeared, floating on the surface of the water. He said, "Your bow is worthless now and the enemy is right behind you." The king looked back, saw his daughter and knew what had happened. He regretted that he had disregarded and under estimated his enemy.

Phuc Nguyen
Viet Nam

Story about a Man with his Wife

Once upon a time, there was a man and a woman. The man worked as a guard and his daily salary was 50 cents. From the 50 cents, 25 cents was used for their daily expenses and 25 cents was put inside a small bank in the top of a tree which belonged to the couple. He did not tell his wife about his savings. After a long time, he managed to collect a lot of money. Day after day the woman saw her husband descending from the tree. She asked, "What were you doing in the tree?" He replied, "I had a toothache and this tree has medicine for a toothache. "

One day, while the woman was cleaning her house, a beggar came and asked her for medicine for a toothache. The woman told him to go to the top of the tree and take the medicine. The beggar climbed the tree and took all the money. He thanked the woman and went on his way.

Later, when the husband climbed the tree to put money in the bank, he discovered that it was empty and became very angry. He asked his wife about the money. She told him a beggar had asked her for medicine for a toothache and she had told him to take medicine from the tree. The man was so angry he left his home. His wife was very sad.

Mehari Andemerian
Ethiopia

The Rabbit's Heart

Once upon a time there lived a Dragon King on an island in the sea. One day he got sick and his doctor told him the only cure was a rabbit's heart. But how could he get a rabbit's heart at sea? The king announced that he needed a rabbit's heart and a turtle volunteered to go to land and find one. After a few days, the turtle arrived at land. There he met a man and asked him, "Do you know where I can find a rabbit?" The man said, "You can find a rabbit on the mountain." So the turtle went to the mountain. It was hard trip. At last he found a small, white rabbit with long ears. The turtle thought if the rabbit knew that the king wanted his heart, he might not come with him. So he told a lie. He said "There is a party in the Dragon Palace and I want to invite you."

They went to the palace together. They arrived after a long journey, but there was no party. The rabbit wondered what had happened. When he met the king, the king said, "Give me your heart." The rabbit faced certain death! But the resourceful rabbit thought of an idea quickly and answered, "Dear King, I'm so sorry but I don't have my heart with me. Because my heart is so rare, many people want it. So I always keep it on the mountain. If I had known that you wanted my heart, I would have brought it. The turtle didn't tell me that you needed my heart, so I didn't bring it."

The king blamed the turtle and ordered him to go to the mountain to get the heart with the rabbit. When they arrived, the rabbit ran to the mountain and said "Stupid turtle! How can I take my heart out of my body? You cheated me so I cheated you!" The rabbit escaped safely.

Ji-Won Lee
Korea

The Shepherd's Daughter

Once upon a time, a prince was living in his father's palace. He wanted to get married and he decided that he would go to find a wife for himself. It didn't matter whether she was a princess or a poor girl as long as she was beautiful. One day he was walking in a little village when he saw a pretty girl. He went up to her and asked, "Whose daughter are you?"

She said, "I am the shepherd's daughter."

"I don't care who your father is, you'll be my wife," replied the prince. They got married right away with a huge, magnificent ceremony. After the wedding, the prince told his wife, "Never argue with me because that will

be the end of our marriage. Whatever I do or say will always be right."

After a while, a poor peasant came to the palace with a problem. He said to the prince, "My neighbor and I went to the farmer's market last week to sell our animals. I had a horse and its foal, and my neighbor had two cows. My foal started to follow one of the cows. I called the foal but it stayed beside the cow. It thought the cow was its mother. Then, my neighbor said, "Now, it is my foal." He didn't want to give it back to me. I am asking you, my prince, whose foal is it?"

The prince said, "The foal is not yours because it followed your neighbor's cow. So now, the foal belongs to your neighbor."

The poor peasant cried and cried because the judgement was not fair. During the conversation, the princess was in the next room and overheard everything. She followed the peasant and told him, "I know that judgement wasn't fair, so we will teach the prince a lesson. Go to the woods where my husband usually hunts. Take a fishing net with you and put it down on a stump."

The peasant went to the woods and sat down. He did everything the princess had told him. Not much later, the prince came and asked the peasant, "What are you doing here?"

The peasant said, "I'm fishing."

"No way," commented the prince. " How can a tree stump have fish?"

"The same way that a cow has a foal.," answered the peasant.

The prince was humiliated and immediately cancelled his judgement against the peasant. The poor peasant got his foal back. The prince went home and asked his wife, "Did you tell the poor peasant what to do?"

"Yes I did," answered the princess.

"You will have to leave my palace," said the prince. " I told you never to disagree with me."

The poor princess cried and cried but it didn't help. Finally, she asked her husband, "May I take my favorite thing with me?"

He said, "Take whatever you want, just go!"

They had supper together for the last time. The princess put some sleeping draught in his drink. When the prince fell asleep the princess took him to her father's house. When the prince woke up he was very suprised and asked his wife, "How could you get me here?"

She answered, "You told me that I could take anything I wanted. I wanted you because you are my favorite thing in the palace."

His mood was gone and they lived happily ever after.

Kristina Moskovics
Hungary

The Bamboo Tree

In a village, there was a forceful young man who was a servant in a wealthy family. He was a diligent and honest man. One day, his boss said to him, "If you work harder, I will give you my daughter for your wife." The young man believed what his boss said and he worked inside and out, day and night. Gradually, he made his boss richer and richer.

For three years, he worked without pay, but he never heard any more about his marriage. Instead, his boss decided to marry his daughter to the son of a prominent family in the next village. After a long time, the young man began to suspect his boss had deceived him. The next day, he went to his boss and asked about the marriage. His boss said, "I will give you my daughter if you go to the forest and find a bamboo tree with one hundred joints to make chopsticks for your wedding party."

The young man obeyed his boss and went into the forest. From morning until sunset, he searched for a bamboo tree with one hundred joints. There was none to be found. He was very disappointed and began to cry. Suddenly, an old man with a stick appeared and asked him why he was crying. He told the old man his story.

The old man said, "That is not too hard. I will help you. Cut down one hundred pieces of bamboo." When the young man finished, he gave the bamboo to the old man. The old man held the pieces of bamboo in his hands and cried out, "Come together! Come together!" Suddenly, there appeared a huge bamboo tree. After that, the old man told him how to take the spell off. The young man was very happy as he carried the bamboo tree home.

When he arrived home, a big wedding party was in progress. He was very upset and thought his boss had bamboozled him. He hurried inside and told his boss he had found the bamboo tree with one hundred joints. His boss didn't believe him, so he ran out to look at the tree. Just as his boss touched the tree, the young man yelled, "Come together! Come together!" The boss's hands stuck fast to the tree and he couldn't get them off. The father of the groom saw what was happening and ran out to help his friend.

Again, the young man cried out, "Come together! Come together!" and the groom's father's hands also stuck fast to the bamboo tree.

The two wealthy men were frightened and begged the young man to save them. The young man reminded his boss of his promise. The father agreed to fulfill his promise if the young man would only set him free. The boss knew that he could not lie to the young man again. The young man cried, "Come apart! Come apart!" The men's hands were freed.

The young man married the boss's daughter and the two of them lived happily ever after.

Huong Truong
Viet Nam

Gold Mine and Silver Mine

In a village, there was an old farmer. He knew that he was going to die, so he called his two sons together and said, "My older son, you are healthy and strong, so I will give you two dogs and a field near the forest." Then he looked at his second son and said, "My younger son, I will give you two oxen and a field near the communal house."

When the farmer had passed away, the older son, who was a sly person, said to his brother, "I am older than you so I will take care of the house for our father. We will trade the possessions our father left us. You take the two dogs and the field near the forest and I will keep the two oxen and the field near the house."

The younger brother was disappointed, but he took the two dogs and went out to the field near the forest. When he reached the field, he saw that it was dry and covered with stones. Yet, the younger brother accepted his fate and tried not to feel disappointed. He made a small ploughshare and hooked it to a pair of dogs. As he ploughed he sang.

The sound of the young man singing echoed so deep in the forest that the monkeys heard it. They came to investigate the sound and soon discovered the young man and the two dogs plowing. They looked at each other and laughed at such a silly sight. Near the end of the day, the young man let the two dogs run free and lay down beside a tree to sleep.

While he slept, the monkeys came out of the forest to look at him. One of the monkeys said, "He must be dead. That's why we don't hear him singing anymore."

Another monkey asked, "Where should we bury him?"

The oldest monkey answered, "In the gold mine."

When the young man heard that, he pretended to be dead. The monkeys carried him to the gold mine and left him there. When the monkeys were gone, the young man collected all the gold and went home to his family. He was suddenly a very rich man.

When the older brother heard the story he was very jealous of his brother's good fortune. The next day he borrowed the two dogs and went to the field near the forest. After he had ploughed a short time, he lay down beside the tree and pretended to sleep.

Once again the monkeys came. One of them said, "He is dead. We will bury him in the silver mine."

When the older brother heard that, he cried out, "No, no! Put me in the gold mine or my soul won't be set free."

The monkeys were terrified when they heard the older brother's voice. Thinking it was a ghost speaking to them, the monkeys threw the older brother over a cliff and into an abyss. That was the end of the older brother.

Huong Truong
Viet Nam

The Boy Who Told A Lie

Once upon a time, there was a lazy boy who usually told lies. Everyday, he just wandered idly while everybody else went to work. Everyone knows that "Idleness is the root of all evil."

One day, a bad idea flashed through the boy's mind. He cried "Fire! Fire!" The people hurriedly came running out of their homes to help and were astounded to find that there was no fire. The boy laughed at those who had come to help which made them very angry.

Another day, the boy made his neighbors even angrier by crying, "Thief!" when there was no problem.

A few days later, the boy's house was really on fire. He cried for help, but nobody came. The people didn't believe him any more so nobody came to stamp out the fire. Finally, the house burned down to the ground.

The boy was named Cuor. Today, there is a Vietnamese idiom which means "to lie like Cuor."

Vu Tran
Viet Nam

The Crab and the Monkey

Once a crab and a monkey went for a walk together. Along the way, the monkey found a persimmon seed and the crab found a rice-ball. The monkey wanted the crab's rice-ball, and being a very clever talker, he finally persuaded the crab to trade the rice-ball for the persimmon seed. The monkey quickly ate the rice-ball.

The crab couldn't eat the persimmon seed, but he took it home and planted it in his garden where it began to grow. Becasue the crab tended it carefully every day, it grew and grew.

The tiny seed finally became a big tree, and then one autumn the crab saw that it was full of beautiful persimmons. The crab wanted very much to eat the persimmons, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't climb the tree. So he asked his friend the monkey to pick the persimmons for him.

Now, the monkey loved persimmons even better than rice-balls. Once he was up the tree, he began eating all the ripe persimmons, and the only ones he threw down to the crab were green and hard. One of them hit the crab on the head and hurt him badly.

The crab was understandably angry and asked three of his friends, a mortar, a hornet and a chestnut to help him punish the monkey. So the three friends hid themselves throughout the crab's house one day while the crab invited the monkey to come to tea.

When the monkey arrived, he was given a seat by the fire. The chestnut was hiding in the ashes, roasting itself and suddenly it burst out of the fireplace and burned the monkey on the neck. The monkey screamed with pain and jumped up. At that instant, the hornet flew down and stung the monkey. Then the monkey started to run out of the house, but the mortar was sitting up above the door and fell down with a thud on the monkey, almost breaking his neck.

The monkey finally saw there was no escape. So he bowed down low to the crab and his three friends saying, "I really did a bad thing when I ate all Mr. Crab's good persimmons and threw the green, hard ones at him. I promise never to do such a bad thing again. Please forgive me."

The crab accepted the monkey's apology, and they all became good friends again. The monkey had learned his lesson and never again tried to cheat anyone.

Yuko Takahashi
Japan

The Love Letter

There was a young man who wrote a letter to his girlfriend. He wrote: "I love you! I'm crazy about you! I will overcome every difficulty to marry you. If there are a hundred mountains, I'll climb them. If there are a thousand oceans, I'll swim them."

He wrote a lot of words to convince her that he loved her. In his last his letter, he said:

"I miss you! I miss you to distraction! I will come to visit you tonight if it doesn't rain."

That was the love letter.

Thanh Ngo
Viet Nam

The Wolf and the Lamb

A wolf met a lamb and said to her, "I am hungry so I am going to eat you up."

"My dear wolf, " said the lamb, " I understand perfectly well. That is the way things go. I should not complain."

" You are a good girl," said the wolf and opened his mouth to show her all his sharp teeth.

"One moment, Sir," said the lamb. "As you know, I am entitled to have one last wish."

"That is so, my dear," said the wolf, "and what shall that be?"

"If you could be so kind, I'd like you to play some music for me," said the lamb, " I like music. "

The wolf, inspired by the thought of the delectable meal he was about to enjoy, pulled a flute from his pocket and began playing the most beautiful music he could.

"You are an artist, " whispered the lamb. "Do keep on playing."

Soon the shepherd, hearing unfamiliar music among his lambs, looked to see where it was coming from. When he saw the murderous wolf, the shepherd took a big stick and hit the wolf over the head.

"Ouch!" yelped the wolf and ran into the woods.

Mariela Escobar
Colombia

The Frog Who Wanted To Go To The United States

Once a upon a time, there was a frog named Pepe Coqui who lived on a farm in Puerto Rico. His dream was to go to the mainland United States. Pepe Coqui used to go inside the forest to talk to his best friend Juancho. Juancho is a forest man who used to work on the farm cutting trees or taking care of some animals.

One day, Pepe Coqui went to his best friend Juancho and started to talk about this dream. He asked Juancho, "How green is the world?"

Juancho said, " I don't know, I've never been away from here."

Pepe Coqui said to Jauncho, "Maybe the United States is green like here.

It was quiet for a time and then Juancho said, "Maybe."

They were very silent on the farm. Everyone started working. Juancho was thinking about what Pepe Coqui had said. He was so curious to know about the United States. When the day arrived for Pepe Coqui to leave, Juancho was very sad. He said to Pepe Coqui, "good bye, my friend."

Pepe Coqui started his trip. He jumped and jumped and found a lot of friends along the way. He asked them which way he had to go to the airport. They explained to Pepe Coqui how to go.

Pepe Coqui went inside the forest and started to jump and jump. It was afternoon and he had to start the green song. He sang the green song and jumped and sang all day long.

Pepe Coqui finally found the airport. He bought his ticket and went inside the airplane. He was very happy about his trip. When he arrived in the United States, he was amazed at how beautiful it was. He looked around and every where he could see, there were tall buildings. Pepe Coqui was so afraid of the buildings. They were like monsters to Pepe Coqui. He looked around and said, "Now I know that the United States has a lot of colors. It is not green like Puerto Rico. He had thought that the whole world was green. Now he knew that the world had a lot of colors.

When Pepe Coqui returned to Puerto Rico, he told his friend about the United States and all the colors. He also told Juancho how marvelous the world is. The two friends continued talking about everything until it got dark on the farm and Pepe Coqui started to sing the green song once again.

Sandra Roldán
Puerto Rico

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